



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

mediocre talent to one of undoubted power and genius, she has won for herself a most enviable reputation, and will always be remembered with kindly feelings by New York theatre goers.

Mrs. Jennings, as Clara, gives us a truthful picture of the heart-broken, ill-used wife, while Miss Fanny Morant and Mrs. Sefton are both admirable in the respective rôles of Lady Glencarrig and Mrs. Bolton Jones.

Mr. Robinson's John Leigh is a perfect gem, never exaggerated, never overdrawn, but always quiet, natural, easy and at times, genuinely pathetic. His childish delight, at the sale of his picture, his affection for Mary, the scene in the garden with his children, and then that last great trouble, when he is racked by the awful suspicion of his wife's infidelity, are one and all proofs of the consummate skill of the actor, and on Tuesday evening met with the well-merited recognition of the large audience present.

Mr. Fisher's Scudamore in the earlier parts was entirely excellent, but in the later portions, where he is called upon to display a more gallant bearing, was not so good, presenting the spectacle of an unfinished picture, one in which the lights had been strongly painted with a bold hand, but in which the shadows were entirely neglected.

"Hunted Down" must, from its very merits, prove a decided success. It is a story that appeals directly to the tenderer emotions of the heart, and, as played by Mr. Wallack's excellent company, leaves not a dry eye in the audience. It cannot be called sensational, but for all that it is always interesting. Never maudlin, it is still pathetic.

Savage.

NEW BOOKS.

John Savage's poems have been collected and reproduced in one volume by Kirker, New York. The title of the book is "Poems, Lyrical, Dramatic and Romantic," by John Savage. It is a handsome volume, finely printed on superb paper, and is elegantly bound. The first edition was sold within a few days after its publication. The encomiums from the Press are warm and unanimous, all recognizing in the author the true poetic inspiration. The *Round Table's* criticism is thoroughly appreciative and very genial. It says:

"Many of the poems in this volume are well known to us, as they appeared from time to time anonymously in various periodicals. The repurusal of some of them has made the heart warm to him as an old familiar friend. We have read Mr. Savage's poems with much pleasure and close attention, and hesitate not to say that it would be difficult to find one in whom so many qualities of the true poet are happily combined and blended. Imagination, eloquence, descriptive power, quick and keen observation, patriotic fervor and love for what is truly good and great, these are but some of the characteristics to which the promptings of a warm Irish heart give a force and fervor seldom to be found in the tame, trite effusions too often palmed on these degenerated days as 'poetry.' Did our limits admit, we should have no difficulty beyond that arising from an *embarras des richesses* in making many selections of high merit and beauty to grace our columns. We can, however, commend the volume cordially to all lovers of true poetry, and urge them, first

and foremost, to read 'The Patriot Mother,' 'The Muster of the North,' 'Requiem for the Dead of the Irish Brigade,' 'St. Anne's Well,' and 'Washington.'"

In a review of Savage's poems the *National Republican*, of Washington, says, amid other good thoughts:

"Our Savage is most gentle—a child of imagination, chasing butterflies, birds, breezes, moonbeams, rainbows and fairies. He catches them, too, and lo! in his hands what beauty, what significance, undreamed of before, do they reveal! A lover—how his flute-like voice steals into the heart and haunts forever its sacred halls! The young must love him, for the true poet of love is ever young. The old must love him, for in his wisdom and his kindness he is their adviser, their friend and comforter."

And closes with the following, which we hope the poet will take to heart:

"We predict, from his delicate fancy, his picturesque and powerful language, his loving heart and true-judging brain, that the poet of whom we have written will enjoy a growing and permanent popularity. He is now in his prime, and the country will expect and welcome more of the fruits of his facile pen."

In the New York *Tribune* we find the following strong and discriminating endorsement from the pen of the accomplished literary editor, Mr. George Ripley:

"The Poems of John Savage have been collected in a handsome volume, and published by James B. Kirker, furnishing the numerous admirers of his productions with an excellent edition of his complete poetical writings. Mr. Savage has won an eminent place among the younger poets of this country, chiefly by the ample expression which he lends to feelings of more than common fervor, by the pliancy and alertness of his fancy, the warm glow of his patriotism, and the union of tenderness and fiery passion in the utterance of the softer sentiments. He has a quick ear for the music of verse, and many of his pieces are remarkable for their melody of tone. The military poems in the volume, especially 'The Starry Flag' and 'The Muster of the North,' are instinct with heroic life, and nobly ring out the inspiring strains which led our troops to victory in the battle-years that have gone by."

THE MODEL SOPRANO.

We copy the following lively sketch from the New York *Gazette*. It hits off a certain class of lady singers very felicitously.—[Ed.]

THE MODEL SOPRANO.—Ladies who sing in church choirs have considerable to try them; but as a general thing they make it even by doing considerable to try others. It is often very inconvenient for them to keep their engagements, by trudging through the ice and snow. They think so too, and consequently compromise the matter by staying at home. That is a frequent view of compromise—having everything one's own way. It is very convenient.

The model soprano does exist, however, and it is a pleasure to draw her picture. She is pretty and amiable. She dresses in charming taste and has the most rotund waterfall and the most cunning little saucer of a bonnet of any one in the church. She has eyes either of black, blue or hazel, and she knows how to use them. She is fond of music and has preferences, but never urges them with obstinacy, though the careful observer will notice that she generally has them gratified. Why? Because she has such fascinating, coaxing, charming ways, and because the choir director is but human and often has a great soft spot in place of a heart. Moreover, the model soprano wins the organist's heart by pretend-

ing to dote on the music he composes for her. When he gets cross she looks up in his eyes, and he thinks he is a monster not to do precisely as the sweet songstress desires. When not engaged in these little duties she flirts a little with the tenor. The alto never "thinks much" of the soprano.

Once in a while the model soprano makes a mistake, but she acknowledges it so readily that she is excused at once. By and by a young man who has hitherto only escorted her to the door, comes a few times into the choir with her. She don't care much for him—of course not. She never means to be married, oh! no. She likes an independent life; at which announcement the tenor groans in despair.

By and by the young man becomes more regular in his attendance. Being a stranger in the choir, good manners makes her sit by him so he will not feel bashful. Often she has a neat little muff on her lap. It is a very handy muff.

At this dangerous stage of proceedings the organist, if he be prudent, begins to look for another soprano. So when the model lady resigns her situation and becomes Mrs. Young Man, he is prepared for the event.

The tenor wonders what the lady can see to like in that Young Man. For his part he never saw such an insipid person. He is convinced that the model soprano will die of a broken heart from lack of sympathy and appreciation. When a year later she pays a visit to the choir, it is surprising how she bears up under her broken heart. She really looks happier than ever.

But these model sopranos are very few. Of other kinds, however, there is a powerful variety.

There is the giggling soprano. She is very young, and spends most of her time in laughing. To make a blunder in her singing, fills her with the most irrepressible mirth. Sometimes in a pause of the service the congregation is edified with an audible titter which is easily traced to the giggling soprano.

Opposed to this is the grim soprano, a lady who dresses in depressing mud-colored brown. She holds herself aloof from the rest of the singers and casts a gloom over the whole choir. She usually sings well, but will neither resign, die, nor get married. Every one says she is "very much of a lady," but nobody at all enjoys her company.

The experienced soprano is one who is a terror and a scourge. She has sung in all the leading churches of the city since the year 1829. She was once, she says, leading soprano at Trinity, and left because the music did not suit her. She has received propositions from various clergymen to sing in their churches, but she will not accept unless she has her own way, she says. She is correct and prompt in her performance, and views the other singers with mingled disdain and compassion. She will tell the tenor how Mr. Bellows used to sing a certain passage in 1834, and will regret that he is not with them now. She declares that choir singing has vastly deteriorated of late. She turns up her nose at everything except Handel and Mozart, and deprecates the bad taste of the organist. Her voice is sharp and wiry, but she evidently thinks herself to be in the plenitude of her vocal powers, and in every way superior to her vocal companions. In musical technical ability she really is. Also in pretension and meddling.

A very numerous class, alack! is that for which we can devise no more expressive and truthful title than that of the impudent soprano. This creature usually sings with energy, vigor, and often with good taste, and is popular with the congregation. In the choir, however, she is a besom of destruction. To be associated with her there is to be tied up in a coffee bag with a scorpion. She knows, in her own opinion, far more than anybody else in the choir. She wants to sing all the solos, and is bitter and uncharitable to every other singer who attempts one. As to other sopranos she is pitiless. She was never known to say a kind word of any professional sister.

She refuses to sing the music selected for her by the chorister, and if he insists she declares he is no gentleman. Then she runs with a garbled story to the minister or music committee and assumes the air of injured innocence generally. She is generally spoken of as "a Tartar," which is an unjust aspersion upon a remote and comparatively inoffensive people of Asia. She affects great intimacy with the clergyman and his family. By her constant efforts at predominance in the choir she acquires a masculine style of behavior, which she mistakes for dignified independence. She thinks the other singers are intended by Providence as accompanists to her own singing, and is vehemently opposed to singing any music not calculated to showing of her own ability. She is altogether a mysterious dispensation of Providence, like mosquitoes, small pox, or the income tax.

There is one other class of the choir soprano which is not so rare as many would suppose, simply because those who belong to it make the least trouble and pretension. We refer to the educated Christian lady who adds to her correct deportment and refined taste real ability and skill in music. Such a vocalist a church is loth to lose, and when a soprano retains for years the same situation, it may be taken for granted that she belongs to this honorable and noble class of women. To such we would not apply the name even of "model soprano." They are far superior to such a title; their price is above rubies.

ANECDOTE OF HERZ, THE PIANIST.

When Herz, the celebrated pianist, was in California, he announced a concert in one of the new cities, and was obliged to send to San Francisco for a property very necessary to the entertainment—viz., a piano. At the hour announced for the concert, the tickets were all sold, the house was crowded, the artist was at his post, and everything was in readiness—except the piano.

In consequence of an inexplicable delay, the instrument had not arrived. Herz looked at his rough and bearded auditory in a very agreeable trepidation. What if the gold-digging *dilettanti* should take it into their heads to give him a taste of revolver or bowie-knife, by way of filling up the time? Heavy drops of perspiration stood on the frightened pianist's brow, and he began to wish himself in China, in Kamschatka—anywhere but in California. The miners saw his alarm, and kindly comforted him. "Never mind the cussel piano," said two or three of them soothingly: "we don't care for it; we came to see you. Make us a speech!" Herz, with restored serenity, did the best he could. The spoken entertainment seemed to please the audience; and everybody, except the artist, had quite forgotten all about the piano, when its arrival was announced.

A number of stout men carried the instrument into the hall, and placed it on the platform. It was a three-cornered, or "grand" piano, and Herz, promising himself to astonish these simple and easily-satisfied inhabitants of the Pacific coast, seated himself on an empty whiskey keg, (instead of the more civilized stool), and ran his fingers rapidly over the key-board. Blum! blum! splash! splash! not a sound did the piano utter, save that of keys striking in the water. The Californians who had brought the "box" from San Francisco, finding it very heavy, had floated it to town, and upon dragging it out upon the levee, had neglected to pour the water from the interior.

SINGING BY SPURGEON'S CONGREGATION.—A writer to the *Western Presbyterian*, thus describes the singing, as he heard it recently, of Spurgeon's congregation, London:

The hymn was read entirely through, and each verse was read before it was sung. The singing was started—not led—by a person who stood beside Mr. Spurgeon. I we could the familiar notes of "Old Hundred," and for the first time for several months, essayed to join in singing it. But I was surprised into silence by the manner in which the audience took possession of the tune. The most powerful organ, if there had been any thing of the kind used, could not have led them. The second hymn was announced to be, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul." The preacher said, "Let us sing this precious hymn softly to the tune of 'Pleyel's Hymn.'" When the first verse had been sung, and after he had read the second, he said, "Sing it softly!" With a countenance uplifted, and beaming with fervor, his book in both hands, keeping time involuntarily to the music, he sang with the congregation. When he had read the third verse, he said, "You do not sing it softly enough!" They sang it softly. It was as though some mighty hand damed up the waters of the Falls of Niagara, leaving a thin sheet to creep through between two fingers, and make soft, sweet music in its great lap, and plunge into the great basin below. Then when he had read the fourth verse, he said, "Now if we feel this, we will sing it with all our souls. Let us sing with all our might;" and the great congregation burst forth into song. It was as though the Great Hand had been suddenly uplifted, and the gathered waters were rushing on their united way in awful grandeur.

MUSICAL GOSSIP.

Verdi got his new opera, "Don Carlos," before the French public at L'Academie on March 12th, and reports vary in regard to its real merits. Some writers commend it and the performance quite enthusiastically, while others find nothing worth praising in the whole opera, except an incidental ballet.

The London *Orchestra's* correspondence denies that opera any merit beyond a taking air sung by Gueymard and two bass numbers. All else is declared by him to be massive, uninteresting and dull so far as the music is concerned, and only a pretty ballet scene really saved it. He says Faure has a good scene, Morere not much of a part, and Mlle. Saas's role is ungracious, but if the parts are bad the singing is indifferent. He sums up the result in two words—*success d'estime*. It is a frightfully heavy, terribly long, and ennui to a degree. Verdi wrote it and therefore it has a *success d'estime*. Had a lesser man turned it out it would have been a *fiasco*.

An elaborate and closely written *critique* upon "Don Carlos" appeared in the London *Musical World* of March 16th, which attributes that opera to a false Verdi, who left his fortunate inspirations and style for a new path to fame. The opera is too like "Il Forza del Destino," whose condemnation should have warned him against repeating its grand mistakes. Verdi is there accused of imitating Meyerbeer in his "L'Africaine," and like most imitators, spoiling good effects by the imperfect manner in which they are produced. He thinks a run of sixty nights may be had for "Don Carlos" if the ballet is well kept up, and severe cuts are made to shorten its dull passages. The latter saving clause was effected speedily after Verdi left Paris, but the correspondent blames the librettists for excessive length of the drama and its many cold passages, for Verdi

had few good situations to write for, and hence followed dullness in many portions. That correspondent speaks enthusiastically of its beautiful third act, with praise for scattered morceaux, but advises Verdi to cherish his old style in future. The second tableau in second act has a pleasing motive and graceful rhythm. The third tableau of third act has a fine trio, the fourth tableau, a perfect march with admirable color. Its motive, however, lacks originality. The Prayer of Deputies he considers very fine, and the duo in fifth act, beautiful.

Patriotic sentiments grandly expressed abound. Morere is considered the weak point in the cast although gifted with a very agreeable, sympathetic voice, for he lacks power, confidence and historic ability. Faure distinguished himself greatly in that opera, especially in close of 4th act, when he received an ovation for splendid delivery of recitatives.

Verdi is considered to be obliged by the zeal which marked the performance of his new work, and Mmes. Gueymard and Saas complimented for making dull music acceptable even to hearty applause.

Adelina Patti succeeded well in "La Gazza Ladra," although she did not efface Maibrán's performance of Ninetta from Parisian memories.

Miss States had opportunity as Elisa in "Columella" to win more laurels at Les Italiens. Critics remark unfavorably upon the orchestra in that opera as lacking *ensemble*.

Gounod declined serving upon the Exposition Committee over which Auber presides, because "Romeo et Juliet" required all his time, and Gauthier replaced him.

Auber alternated with Rossini in presiding over the performance of Mme. de Grandval's mass, which is declared a work of the highest order.

At Georges Pfeiffer and de Gasparini's second musical conference, Mlle. Nilsson excited great enthusiasm by singing Adelaide.

Alfred Jaell commenced his Parisian campaign at L'Athenée, playing Mendelssohn's concerto with orchestra among other selections.

M. E. Chaine, of Paris, gained the prize offered by the St. Cecilia Society, at Bordeaux, for a Symphony and Poil da Silva, two honorable mentions.

Abert's opera, "Astorga," did not please Weimar's public because it lacked originality and its book afforded no good opportunities for interest.

The question as to Italian Opera in St. Petersburg next season yet remains undecided, although Russian pride desires its suppression, to aid National theatres.

Before Joachim left St. James's Hall for Paris he played with Mann's orchestra in that popular Concert Saloon, and in solo at Sydenham Palace and Earl Dudley's house.

A wordy discussion goes on in London journals about Oakley's qualifications for his Edinburgh professorship, and Chorley's strictures upon him are sharply reviewed—pro and con.

Earl Dudley's concert at his residence—Park Lane—appears to have excited London dilettanti remarkably, as Benedict conducted it and Joachim and Pia ti, his niece and Miss Wynne performed there.

Sims Reeve's first performance in English Opera at Drury Lane Theatre was the favorite part of Francis Osbaldiston—"Rob Roy."